

at

no. 113

D^r Robert Auld's
LAST LEGACIE,
OR
A P O E M

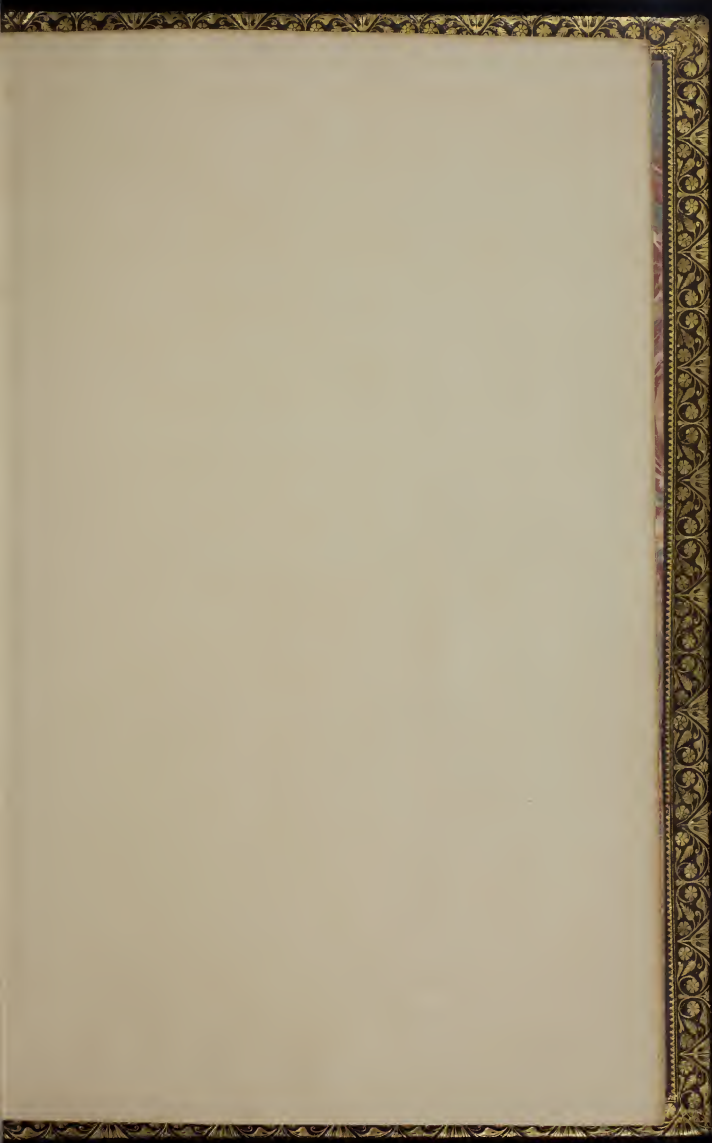
SENT

With a Guinney to Mr. B. D. for a New-years-Gift. December 30. 1678.

19. March. 1680.

S^r Ir, since the *Proclamation* from the King,
For apprehending any Man, or Thing
Of whom we may be jealous; I have got
One able to Discover all the Plot;
By the *Great Cross* he weareth, you will see
Ground to suspect, he *Catholick* may be.
Long *hidden in a Corner* he had been,
And loth I found him to be known or seen:
His *Words but few*, and those in *Latine* too;
What you can make of him, I pray you do:
For though he sets a *Good Face* on the Thing,
And pleads that he hath *Count'nance from the King*,
(As too too many *Counterfeits*, you know
Delude and cheat the World by pleading so)
He is *no Native*; but from foreign Parts
Came over to bewitch our English hearts.
Seiz'd on as soon as landed, and convey'd
Into the *Tower*, and there a *Priz'ner* made;
There he was *Tri'd*, & *Cast*: Thence made *Escape*,
And now goes *Currant* under *Royal Shape*:
Yet you'l suspect him by his *Blushing* so,
For that's an *Argument of Guilt*, you know.
He goes by *Name of Guinney*; new-coin'd names,
And new-nam'd Coins are *Jesuitish Games*;
Give me *old Gold*, with *English names*; like these
Crowns, *Nobles*, *Angels*, and *Jacobusses*.

I must not be misconstru'd, let him wear
The Image of the *Lawrel* he doth bear,
And never given to change; may no Disaster
Ever prevail to make him *change his Master*.
For I prefer, and so all Subjects True,
An *Old Jacobus* far before A *New*:
It is the *Matter*, not the *Form* I charge;
And here in his *Impeachment* might be large,
As far as from one *Indie* to the other,
Against both Gold and Silver his pale Brother.
We find St. *Peter* in the daies of Old
(That was the *Golden-Age* that hated Gold;) •
Had neither Gold nor Silver, but when they
Usurp'd the Chair, they banish'd Faith away:
And when these once forsake the *Tripple Crown*,
Both *Pope* and *Popery* must tumble down.
'Tis these set men together by the Ears,
Put Difference 'twixt the *Commons* and the *Peers*:
These have the great Command at *Sea & Land*,
They Raise the *Army*, they can it Disband:
They Hatch'd and Brooded the late curst Intent,
To Kill the King, and Change the Government.
For them———vote, by them they Rise,
'Tis Love to them, upholds *Pluralities*.
For them the *Lawyers* brawl; They fool the *Wise*:
They cast a *Mist* before the *Judge's* Eyes:
They pay the *Pensioner*, the *Pimp*, the *Miss*:
They brought the *Treasurer* to what he is.
If they don't fetch him off, off flies his Head.
And who can help't, They cannot raise the Dead.
Their Charge is infinite, I must give over,
Let Praunce the *Silver-smith* the rest Discover.
Mean time, do you Sir under Lock and Key
Keep *Guinney* safe, for fear he steal away,
For if but once he can get out of Door,
Twenty to one, you never see him more.



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